PASS THOSE EXAMS

The Cee-Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

KEEP ON WINNING

Volume 7 | Dubuque, Iowa, October 15, 1929 | Number 2

COLUMBIA CONTINUES VICTORY MARCH

LAWRENCE HARP QUINTET BILLED TO OPEN ARTIST SERIES PRESENTATIONS

The Lawrence Harp Quintet, the first of the season's Columbia Artist Series, will be heard in the college auditorium on Friday evening, October 25.

These five talented young women under the leadership of their soloist, Lucile Lawrence, represent the finest group of harpists on the American concert stage. They are a quintet of young and attractive artists who happily have joined together to produce an evening of entertainment that should appeal to all who love music.

The scope of the program which is promised is an indication of the rare abilities of the young woman, individually as well as collectively. It opens with a selection of Jean Phillippe Rameau, one of the greatest musicians of the 18th century, and an organist and composer of distinction. His orchestrations were brilliant and majestic in conception, and his operas influenced the celebrated Gluck. This number is followed by that masterpiece of capricious beauty, the Sarabande of Francois Couperin, who was organist and clavier at the court of Louis XIV. Next the harpists give a lively German dance by Bach who excelled in lyric style and whose compositions are even today recognized as ideals of musical expression. The first part closes with a shepherd dance by Giambiattista Martini. The second part of the program consists of a group of solos by Lucile Lawrence. She will play another Bach composition, then a Corelli, a Hayden, and in conclusion the gavotte from "The Temple of Glory," by Gluck.

The third section of the program is comprised of three duets by Marietta Bitter and Grace Weymer, beginning with another number by Rameau and followed by a selection from the great French impressionist, Debussy. A Spanish dance by Enrique Granados concludes this group.

The final portion of the program is a series of variations in G by Miss Lawrence from the works of Carlos Salzedo.

SONGSTERS TRY OUT FOR CHOIR

Ninety candidates applied to Father Kelly, the academy choir director, for try-outs for membership in the choir last Friday evening in the auditorium.

The reverend director spoke a few words concerning tone production and the exercising of the breathing and vocal apparatus by outdoor sports. The new students were taught the team song, "Go, Gubs, Go," and several veteran choristers were called to sing solos.

FORMER COLUMBIA FACULTY MEMBER DIES SUDDENLY

Columbia lost a loyal friend, and the archdiocese of Dubuque a splendid priest, in the sudden demise of Father Lawrence B. Craney, pastor of the Sacred Heart Church of Maquoketa, Iowa, last Monday, due to angina pectoris.

Father Craney, who is a brother of Rev. James B. Craney, professor of mathematics at Columbia Academy, had taken care of his pastoral duties at his church at Maquoketa and at his mission parish at Baldwin on Sunday and was apparently in good health Monday morning, after making one of his sick calls, he came home, and while sitting in the sun parlor of his residence, was suddenly stricken and expired before spiritual or medical aid could be given him.

The deceased priest was born at Kenosha, Wis., August 8, 1869. He studied at Marquette University and later at Columbia College. He pursued his studies for the priesthood at St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, and was ordained there by the late Bishop Schweback on June 21, 1903.

Later Father Craney returned to his alma mater at Columbia to serve her as business manager where his department made a distinguished record. In 1916 his love for souls and parish duties prompted him to accept the pastorate at Maquoketa and Baldwin where he remained until his death.

Father Lawrence Craney carried the ideals of Columbia all through his life. His days were ones of devotion to his duty as a spiritual leader of his people and a prominent factor in all movements for the civic betterment of the community in which he resided, exemplifying to a high degree the motto of his college—"For God and Country."

Classes were dropped on Wednesday morning to enable the faculty and student body to attend the funeral services in the cathedral at Dubuque to pay their final respects to a real Columbia man.

PURGOLD STAFF IN DRIVE ON THIRD YEAR CLASSES

The Purgolds' solicitors are making their rounds and successfully, at least among the seniors. Led by their president, the eminent superior ones have responded to the requests of the annual's business staff so faithfully that 65% of their class is enrolled on the subscription list. That is to say that due to the class unity, 41 of 63 seniors have already signed on the dotted line and the remainder show signs of entering the fold tending toward the attainment of 100% representation.

And now the spotlights are focused on the Junior students and will continue to be so directed during the ensuing fortnight. A drive will be staged beginning Oct. 14 and ending with the issue of this paper on Oct. 28. Within that period it is hoped that the third year men, following the example of the seniors and past junior classes as well, will claim their share of fame. Hitherto, of the 70 or more investors, only 16 belong to the class of '31; so now with 31 to go to equal the senior record and a larger class to work on, solicitors and class members are urged to co-operate during these Junior Booster Weeks.

Then, next issue the Juniors who respond will find their John Hancock's planted in row of stiff print. Only third year subscriber's names will be put to press.

LIBRARY REORGANIZATION BE DONE THIS YEAR

A reorganization of the St. Joseph Hall library, based on the system used in Loras Hall, is being made by Father Kaufmann who took a course on the cataloging and distribution of books at the University of Illinois last summer.

The new librarian is beginning work immediately and hopes to have the system in pretty good working order within a year's time. There are thousands of books which will be re-indexed and new distribution staffs to be trained before the work can be put on an efficient basis.

In the meanwhile, the present library and reading room will be opened to city students from 12:45 p. m. until the opening of the first period at 1:30. The resident students may obtain books at the regular evening period. The afternoon period will be in charge of Gordon Saunders, Kessler, and Beckius; the evening period will be taken care of by Shedivy, Raker, Traub, and Lacke.

A few of the new books ready for circulation are three biographies of Abraham Lincoln by Carl Sandburg, Albert Beveridge, and Lord Charmwood; "My Autobiography" by Benito Mussolini; "Parnassus On Wheels" by Morley; "The Greene Murder Case" by S. S. Van Dine; "Round Up" by Ring Lardner; "Little Brother Francis of Assisi" by Michael Williams; and a number of other equally fine lives and novels.

PREPARE FOR SIX WEEK EXAMS

BOTH GUBS AND VARSITY RETAIN THEIR UNMARRED CURRENT SEASON SLATES

The Purple and Gold of Columbia's football banners continued their forward progress last Saturday afternoon with victories for the Academy Gubs over Acquin High School at Freeport, Illinois, and the Varsity over Wisconsin State Teachers of La Crosse at Loras Field.

The Academy team pranced to an easy victory over the Blue and Gold by a score of 13 to 0 with the second and third teams bearing the brunt of the battle. Co-captain George Barkley calling the signals at the beginning of the game did not take the ball a half dozen times, but each time he tucked it in his arm he reeled off such gains that Cretzmeyer took him out, realizing that the two touchdowns acquired would be more than enough to sew up the victory. Columbia's other captain, Toner. was put in only for a few minutes in the last quarter in order to hold his every-game-service record. He was in one play and then ordered to the sidelines. Tom Knox, Graham, Shreiner. McMahon, O'Rourke, and Moran got an opportunity to warm up, but at no time was a full strength eleven on the field at the same time.

Outstanding work of the reserves included the playing of Louie Maiers, diminutive center, Bill Leary, tackle, Corpstein, back, and Bob Ziepprecht's 60-yard punt.

Playing in the face of a high wind which made punting and passing, their favorite game, difficult, the Varsity came from behind to upset the powerful La Crosse eleven by a score of 12 to 6.

The Badgers scored their touchdown in the first quarter when a gentleman named Van Galder blocked Gehrig's punt and Gay fell on the ball on the Dubuque 2-yard line. A few plays into the strong Columbia line failed, but a fake line thrust which terminated in an end run by Cashman scored the six points. Fering blocked the try for extra point.

(Continued on page 4, column 4)

COLLINS RECOVERS FROM INJURY

John Collins, Ac '29, frosh cheerleader at Columbia College, who was injured in the Simpson victory celebration at 12th and Main streets a week ago Saturday, is well on the way to recovery and is resting at his home in Janesville, Wisconsin.

Collins was struck by a car driven by Carl Lueter of Dubuque who was driving down Main street during the celebration. Mr. Lueter was absolved of blame as Collins stepped or was pushed into the path of his car before he could apply his brakes.

THE CEE-AY

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FOOTBALL PLAYERS AND TRAINING

We read recently of a high school coach in Ohio who ordered six of his first team football players to turn in their suits because they had broken faith with their school by smoking cigarettes during training season. The result of his action was an overwhelming defeat by the school's strongest athletic rival in a game which was conceded as a victory for the home team.

The newspaper commented on his "drastic" action, as they called it, but commended it in the face of a student body uprising against the coach.

We are surprised at the use of the word "drastic" and cannot understand why the students were incensed at a man who refused to allow the institution and the individual students to be represented on the football field by six weak-kneed liars who understood that their acceptance of suits bearing the school colors was a pledge that they would observe the training rules of the squad. We do not believe that the game is greater than the individual participants or that athletic victories are more to be desired than character training, even though the victory is won over so-called hated rivals. Despite the personal publicity given star players, a man playing on his school's representative team loses his individuality, in a certain manner, and becomes "his school" and all that it hopes to stand for. His breaking of training is not then a personal thing entirely but an offense against every student, teacher, and alumnus of the institution, and he should be penalized accordingly. That coach did a fine service to his school and, if they are willing to see it in the right light, showed a great care for the proper training of the weak-willed offenders. We would feel prouder to see the Teenie-Weenies line up against Wayland on Dad's Day than a crowd of dishonest Gubs.

RENT-A-CAR

Last week a small party of boarders rented an automobile and "hit the open road." Unfortunately, being unacquainted with the nature of the terrain, they, paradoxically, found themselves lost in darkest Iowa. We are charitable and will not disclose the many embarrassing incidents which they encountered in their endeavor to reach the sheltering arms of Alma Mater. To preclude anxiety it is sufficient to state that the modern Phaetons are alive, well, and attending classes quite regularly.

But there is another aspect to the rental of cars not altogether so hilarious. Up to the present time the practice has not been overdone. It is a fine thing to be able to rent a car to follow the Gubs to nearby games or on other special occasions when out-of-town permissions are granted. But remember, out-of-town leaves require special permission of the dean. Rules grow out of abuses. Privileges depend upon the will of superiors. Therefore use your heads and don't add to the code of rules that govern us now by abusing a privilege we possess.

COLUMBUS DAY

Saturday was Columbus Day. We didn't get our free day, and the claims of the Scandinavians that Columbus came centuries too late to merit the honor accorded him of discovering America, do not argue against the fact that the life of Christopher Columbus it worthy of aur attention. He was a man who followed the strength of his convictions despite overwhelming obstacles. He was loyal to his God and to his adopted country. "To his God and to his adopted country" sounds familiar, doesn't it? Drop the word "adopted" and we have Columbia's motto. Columbia and Columbus are somewhat the same too. Think that over, and realize that the life of Columbus is a fine translation of some of our ideals.

RANDOM READING

Poetic insight is necessary in order to grasp the spirit of things in the maelstrom of humanity of a metropolis. Filled with exquisite descriptions and tempered fancies **E. B. White** has produced **The Lady is Cold.** He has lived in the swirl of "little old New York, not so little and not so old," and has felt and known its beauty. This gift is not given to everyone.

The author was for some time associated with **The New Yorker,** and has a magic eye which searches out the odd and beautiful and turns them into poetic memorials. From the commonplace city scenes, he has made graceful lyrics which transfigure them for the habitue and translates them for the stranger.

The versatility of the author is shown by the many phases of life that he presents in so successful a manner. Varied fashions, analogies, phantasies, Shelleian and Poelike selections make in all a grand little book.

* * *

Down to the Sea in Ships by Irvin Anthony presents in a pleasant way the story of the followers of the salt spray, from the barbaric human to the modern "boy in blue." It is really a history book in disguise, speaking all the time of naval accomplishments. So hidden behind the veil of fluent speech is its object that the reader did not at first realize that the meshes of an art were surrounding him.

Its immensely interesting contents are alluringly read and when finished you will feel that you have accomplished something that was beneficial and yet not difficult to comprehend.

* * *

"Presumably few convicts will be allowed to read this book," were the words of Time, (the weekly newsmagazine), and one week later as time goes Time received a letter from one who did not sympathize with the author of **How to Break Prison.** The letter written was from Warden Lee of the Wisconsin State Prison, who threatened to quit Time if ads for such books appeared again.

This is a peculiar book to review in a column of a paper of this kind but why restrict ourselves to a certain line of literature such as poetry, fiction, essays, dramas, etc.

The author, **Edward H. Smith,** has given the reading public a thrilling collection of tales of prison breaks. With a sympathy for the liberty-lovers. Author Smith tells of convicts practicing self hypnotism, imitations of insanity and other methods of obtaining freedom. Truly a peculiar and penetrating yet entertaining work.

Good News! Jack Thomas may be back in the game in a few weeks. In the meantime he is taking care of some of Toner's personal rooters.

McMahon looked sweet at Freeport. The two times he took the ball he averaged fifteen yards.

Fr. Russell—"Why do you go to church on Sunday, Melvin?"

Doran charity society treasurer)—"To take the nickels out of the poor box."

THE BEAUTIFUL

A diadem of precious clouds,
A cloak of murmuring pines
Trimmed with crystal brooklets,
And the flowering vines.

Slippers of violets dainty,
And tender blue bells rare.
Her face as bright as sunshine,
And fine spun gold her hair.

The moon is a crescent bed lamp
That shines o'er my lady's head.
My lady is Nature, the beautiful,
The earth. richly hung, is her bed.

J. B. N. '30

A SPECTRAL NIGHT

The moon went behind the massive black clouds—the last faint star twinkled feebly—a storm lurked around the corner.

The trees stood tottering with their slender hands clawing at the jet black night. The tender flowers lay frightened, terrorized. Some little animal scurried across the road, the cold lifeless sod causing it to shudder.

A sudden deafening sound startled me—a flash lightening lit the heavens and extreme fear filled my heart. The trees wavered, crying to the heavens to be free from the torrents of rain that began falling furiously. Everything felt Nature's ire. I could not stand the scene and fled as the little animal had, across the road.

That road was the night that followed. What I beheld on the other side was majestic. The sky spread over me like a vast blue dome from which graceful curtain like clouds were hung. The sun danced upon the scene making delicate silhouettes of the birds. The branches swayed in a graceful minuet, rejoicing in the fact that they had survived the night and its horrors. The tinted leaves of the frost touched trees fluttered to the ground, and the little rodent scurried about storing up his winter's supply.

Nature, terrifying and beautiful, surly and sweet, enemy yet a friend.

ALUMNI NEWS

Syl Frommelt, '28, a member of the championship 1927 Gubs, was married this summer. He and the "missus" are living in Dubuque.

John Graham, '25, recently signed a forty-week contract with the Keith Orpheum circuit. John was playing a leading role in a Chicago "four-a-day" and his work received such attention that the Keith recognition followed.

Dr. D. J. McNamara, '25, announces the opening of his new dental office at 3458 Irving Blvd., Chicago.

Alois Ahlers, '25, who won highest scholastic honors of last year's Iowa University class, has had one fine promotion with the Goodrich Rubber Company already. He joined the organization in June and is at the main office at Akron, Ohio.

Jim McGuinn and Kolfenbach, two of the Minute Men backs of '27. are playing on university freshman teams. Jim is at Wisconsin and Eddie is at Illinois.

GUBS READY FOR ST. MARY'S SATURDAY

MIDGETS HOLD LEAD IN JUNIOR LEAGUE

The Midgets inspired by their new coach who took the place of John Collins who is out due to an accident continued to hold the lead in the junior intramural circuit by defeating the Little Warriors last night by a 6 to 0 score.

The touchdown was the result of a first quarter drive wtih Geisler, Colling and Weitz tearing the Warriors' line to shreds and terminating in the crossing of the Gold goal via the air route, Cooling to Geisler. The game was deadlocked from then until the last quarter when the Warriors were twice in the shadow of the Blue's goal only to be repulsed.

The lineup:

Warriors		Midgets
Schneider	L.E.	Saunders
Cullen	L.T.	Groff
Becker	L.G.	Sanners
Ryan	C.	Botsford
Haverland	R.G.	Anderson
Gallagher	R.T.	Ernsdorff
Murphy	R.E.	Kies
Birkett	Q.B.	Cooling
Voelker	L.H.	Meiers
Mann	R.H.	Geisler
Nicks	F.B.	Weitz

Substitutions: Maley for Becker, Becker for Maley. Koppes for Kies, Sprengelmeyer for Anderson, Clark for Sprengelmeyer, O'Leary for Groff.

Touchdown: Geisler.

DODGERS AGAIN SHOW SUPERIORITY OVER RUSSELERS

The fighting Dodger football machine rolled the Russelers down Clark Field last Monday night for their second victory of the intramural season by a narrow 7 to 6 margin.

The boarders looked like sure winners in the first quarter when they took the kickoff and by a series of first downs went unstopped down the field for a touchdown before an apparently demoralized day-student aggregation. They missed the try for the extra point.

Instead of following up their advantage the Russelers seemed to consider the game in their hip pocket and when the reorganized Dodgers, enheartened by Captain Pitzen and Saunders, came back to recover a blocked punt on the boarders' 20-yard line, they could not muster up a stiff enough defense against the fierce onslaught of the Blues who took the ball over for six points and Captain Pitzen's line thrust for the extra and winning point.

The line-ups:

Dodgers		Russelers
Saunders	L.E.	Gonner
Kutsch	L.T.	Propsom
O'Brien	L.G.	Nielson
Seippel	C.	Smith
Pinger	R.G.	Gorman
Pauly	R.T.	Dolan
Meyers	R.E.	Tyrell
Pitzen (C)	Q.B	McDonald
Traynor	L.H.	Volz
R. Kelly	R.H.	Lawson
Callahan	F.B.	Tackace (C)

RESERVES TRIM XAVIER BY 19-0 COUNT

Friday before last, the Junior "Galloping Gubs" walked, or shall we say ran, away with the foot-ballers at Xavier High, Dyersville, by a score of 19 to 0. A goodly crowd of academy rooters, among them all the members of the first team, accompanied the Reserves on the trip. Some even hitch-hiked out after school hours and arrived in time to take in the proceedings of the last half of the game.

Through the line-smashes of Hanson and the long end-runs of Bob Ziepprecht a touch-down was made less than five minutes after the opening whistle. From then on it was just one continual forward march on the part of the Seconds. Meyers, Weitz, Ellwanger and Fairfield formed a stubborn nucleus which held the opposing tacklers at bay. The "Pony" backfield also showed up well for the time they were in the game performing with great agility and mercurial speed. The Xavier bunch played a losing game all through, but went down fighting. The game was marked by many substitutions.

RUSSELERS DEFEAT JEFFERSON JUNIOR HIGH ELEVEN

The Russelers defeated Jefferson Junior High of Dubuque by a score of 12 to 6 on October 1. The passing attack of the Columbia intramural team with McDonald tossing the ball and Tackace and Gonner on the receiving end proved fatal to the Jefferson hopes. McDonald, Tackace, and Gonner were the Purple and Gold stars, while Bishop was the leading light of the Jeffersonians.

The Russelers were in the shadow of the goal-line three times and crossed it twice. The junior hi-men had two opportunities to score, but made good only once. None of the attempts for points after touchdowns was successful.

Both of the winners' touchdowns were negotiated in the first half. The Dubuque team came back in the second period with a stubborn defense and a much stronger attack which swept the ball over for their six markers and held the victors at a standstill.

The line-ups:

Russelers		Jefferson
Gonner	L.E.	Whitney
Propsom	L.T.	Kohler
Nielsen	L.G.	Boise
Smith	C.	Anthony
Gorman	R.G.	Glab
Dolan	R.T.	Cooper
Donovan	R.E.	Rokusek
McDonald	Q.B.	Isaacs
Lawson	L.H.	Parnell
Volz	R.H.	Buse
Tackace	F.B.	Bishop

Touchdowns: Russelers—McDonald and Tackace; Jefferson—Bishop.

Substitutions: Russelers—Schmitt for Nielsen, O'Connell for Volz, Henry for Schmitt, O'Leary for O'Connell.

DODGERS TITLE PARADE HALTED AT LAST!

The Russelers scored one of the most overwhelming defeats ever to be administered to a day-student team when they drubbed the Dodgers by a 16 to 0 score last Friday on Clark Field.

Superior line play of the boarder team spelled defeat for the league leading Dubuquers who made a gallant fight without the services of Trainor and Kelly, two regular backs, who were out of the game.

The first two minutes of play witnessed the first of the scoring when Quarterback McDonald drove his men down the field for successive downs and touchdown and extra point, the six points coming as a result of a pass, Mickey to Gonner. The seventh was plunged over. The second touchdown was a direct result of the speedy Tyrell's downing a punt on the Dodgers' 2-yard line while Pitzen was waiting for the ball to roll over for a touchback. Line bucks took it over with McDonald providing the propulsion. A pass, McDonald to Volz, accounted for the fourteenth point. The safety came in the final period when a Dodgers' punt was blocked at the goal line and Callahan was forced to fall on it in the end zone.

The lineup:

Russelers	Position	Dodgers
Gonner	L.E.	Saunders
Propsom	L.T.	Kutsch
Neilsen	L.G.	O'Brien
Smith	C.	Pinger
Gorman	R.G.	Cunningham
Dolan	R.T.	Pauly
Tyrell	R.E.	Kinneally
McDonald	Q.B.	Pitzen
Lawson	L.H.	Meyer
Volz	R.H.	Genzler
Tackace	F.B.	Callahan

HORSE-SHOE PLAY BEGINS

The annual horse-shoe tournament at the academy is now well under way, the play having started this noon. It is well, therefore, that we know something about the rules and regulations of the tournament.

The games will be played off on the two main courts. Each contestant will be allowed to throw fifty shoes. The player of the two paired having the highest number of points will be declared the winner of that court. He will then fall in, by the bracket system, with the winner of another court and so on until the two last players meet in the finals. From four to six games are expected to be played every noon and in this way the finals should be held not later than the coming Friday.

Much interest is being demonstrated in the tournament and this promises to make it a highlight in the sporting calendar of the academy. The courts have been re-conditioned. watered and equipped with good stakes and a pair of "standing" boards to each box. They are strictly modern and like those at the Des Moines State Fair where the championship tournament of the United States was recently held. The horse-shoes are the last word in size, weight, curvature and smoothness.

CHALLENGERS OF CHAMP 1927 MINUTE MEN TEAM ARE FINALLY SCHEDULED

Last Saturday's workout at Freeport should put the Gubs into gear for a high-powered run against the strong St. Mary's High School eleven from Emmetsburg, Iowa, on Loras Field next Saturday.

The fact that Iowa Catholic High School Association championship honors are at stake in this game makes it one of the most important on the academy schedule. The Hibernian clan from the northwest are rated as the class of their section of the state, and last year's 6 to 6 tie fame with the Fort Dodge eleven indicates the high calibre of football ability displayed in that part of the commonwealth.

Coach Cretzmeyer's proteges have an added reason to squash pennant dreams of the Emmetsburg cohorts. Two years ago, when the famous Minute Men were galloping over all opposition in Iowa, Wisconsin, and Illinois to pile up 338 points for an undefeated season. a Western Union message from this same outfit delivered at the very lair of the ferocious Gubs, Father Patnode's room, blithely laid claim to the Catholic championship bunting of the state and boldly challenged the greatest team Columbia Academy ever had to a post-season game to settle it.

Father Patnode's reply was "Congratulations on your successful season. Columbia Academy concedes no championship. Our policy does not favor post-season games." And immediately the lustry cry went up in upper western Iowa that shook the tassels on the highest corn stalks, "They are afraid to play us." They did not know that the same policy forbade the Gubs' playing more attractive post-season tilts that came pouring in when the fame of the Minute Men was broadcasted.

Our challenge last year was not accepted, but this fall, with another fine team, the Emmetsburg school responded to our second request for a game by signing for next Saturday's tussle.

The Gubs must come through in this game, not only to sustain their clean slate for the current season, but to send the big boys back to Emmetsburg with the proper appreciation of the prowess of Columbia Academy athletes and their All1 American coach, John W. Cretzmeyer.

COWBOY ANDERSON USES A PONY

Master Harry Anderson, the boy from the wild and wooly west, has forsaken the cattle industry and entered into the field of advertising. The Saturday morning of the Columbia-Simpson game he was seen parading through the downtown section astride a pony and bearing a large banner with the inscription, "Columbia Fights." When asked how he had gained such proficiency in riding ponies he answered, "I owe all my equestrian abilities to a three-year Latin course and a circus merry-go-round."

FIGHTING THE IRON CROSS

The day was cold and dreary with high winds and occasional snow flurries. Dark foreboding clouds hung in the sky and gave promise to a severe storm. It was on such a day that Lieutenant Dick Allen was ordered aloft for a mapping and observation tour over the German lines. Orders had come from headquarters that regardless of the bad weather and terrific winds a pilot must go up. Dick's Nieuport stood on the deadline idling, while the ground crew carefully inspected the engine, controls, and the swivel machine gun.

Around the corner of the airdrome, out of the biting, frost-laden wind stood the lieutenant pleading with the commander.

"But, sir, look at the weather, my plane will never hold together in this gale, I tell you its suicide. I can't go to-day. And furthermore I won't go."

"I can't help it, Allen, these are not my orders, they are from the general. You know I would never order you up on a day like this. Of course if you don't want to go—, if you've got a yellow streak, I'll get your pal "Bud" Fisher to go. A fine speciman of manhood you turned out to be. Give me those wings, you are not worthy to wear them."

Lieutenant Allen colored under this severe chiding, but nevertheless he handed the commander his much-prided silver wings.

Two soldiers then conveyed Dick to the guard house. On the way he almost bumped into "Bud" Fisher, who was clad in flying togs ready to take Dick's place.

"Dick," said Bud, "I never thought this of you. But a coward has no place in my life, so I am your friend no longer. Good-bye, you yellow streak." With that he turned and strode toward the waiting plane.

Bud's words bit like a steel-shod lash, and Dick began to repent his folly. Alas, it was too late now, the die was cast, and he must pay the price. He was placed in a room with one window and a guard was stationed in front of the door. Dick sat with head in hands thinking of his fate, a hundred times he saw the picture of a soldier standing before the firing squad. Suddenly a hope came to Dick he might redeem himself yet, or else he could die fighting. Looking around the room he found nothing that would aid him in his break for liberty. He went to the window, it was old and the spring in the lock gave readily. He opened it. A loud squeak came forth, Dick waited breathlessly thinking that any minute the guard would come in. The distance to the ground was about fifteen feet so he jumped. No one was around and he hurried to the airdrome. Dick ordered the chief mechanic to get a plane ready for "a long cruise and a stiff flight" which meant plenty of petrol and still more of steel-jacketed bullets. The mechanic who knew Dick and took his word as he would a written order from the commander, hurried to obey. It was indeed a lucky coincidence that the chief mechanic had not learned of Dick's fall from grace.

Soon another Nieuport was being warmed up. Dick took off just thirty minutes later than Bud Fisher. He headed full speed for the German lines where Bud would be making his observations. He flew at a ceiling of perhaps seven hundred feet so he could see his comrade. As yet Dick had formed no plan of action; he was just following his nose. Suddenly a gust of cold wind stronger than the rest rolled the ship to one side and caused a bumpy action on the plane. Dick kicked at the rudder bar, touched the throttle and level off again, righting the ship. In that roll Dick caught a momentary glimpse of a Nieuport and three Fokkers far below him. Germany's iron cross stood out plainly on the wings of the Fokkers. The plucky little Nieuport was piloted by Bud Fisher. Dick dived. He came out of his dive at about four thousand feet, then the tail assembly of the first Fokker flashed in front of his sights—he let go. A burst of flame and smoke told him that one enemy was on his way earthward. The lust for battle crazed Dick. His own sense of duty and Bud Fisher's last words ringing in his ears turning Lieutenant Dick Allen, coward, into a working machine he was no longer human.

One Fokker hung onto Fisher's plane while the other turned to meet this new, unsuspected demon of the air. A clean cut line of bullet holes in the top wing warned Dick that this Hun was a sharp shooter. After banking, and swerving, circling and many wing-slipping turns Dick took the offensive. He brought his sights to bear on the cockpit of the German plane—a loud spatter—a heavy thud and the enemy plane went into a dizzy tail spin with no propeller and a dead pilot. Just then Dick saw the shadow of the third Hun plane looming above him. This time the Fritzie fired. Dick slumped forward into the cockpit muttering, "Coward am I—coward?" His plane settled into a neat dive, turned round and round, then crashed.

Next day a flag-draped coffin was lowered into the grave. While the pilots stood with bared heads taps were sounded and the honor guard fired three bullets in honor of the coward who died fighting.

To-day an inscription on his tombstone tells the tale. "Greater love hath no man, who gives his life for his comrade, his country, and his God."

Small as he is, Cretz cannot overlook Red Moran's class.

SENIORS TO BUY RINGS

The rings have it. That was the decision of the class president, Thomas Knox, at a recent fourth Ac. meeting. The meeting was called in order to ascertain whether or not the class desired rings.

Upon reaching a decision, William Leary and Melvin Petry were named as the ring committee. Upon them falls the responsibility of deciding upon the type of ring to be purchased.

Mr. Knox and Robert Swartzell, the class vice-president, have interviewed all the jewelers in Dubuque in order to give them an opportunity to turn in bids.

It has been announced that rings will be obtainable in about a month. According to present plans they will be somewhat smaller than last year. Class pins, at first considered, were voted down by a large majority.

OCTOBER

What careless artists tripping
through the trees,
Have scattered all their paint upon
the leaves?

Have you ever stood quivering before your bed on a cold autumn night and contemplated the warmth the bright colors of a "patch-work" blanket would the next minute afford you? And when you have nestled snugly under the protecting folds, does it not feel like heaven to drift peacefully from your petty troubles and cares of the day into that land of forgetfulness where every day is happiness?

But you are not the only one to experience this feeling. Nature is in this case before that very bed. She is contemplating that colorful "patch-work" blanket with even more anticipation than you. She longs to creep under that gaudy covering of myriads of bright leafy colors and forget about the bitter winter which is even now snapping at her heels.

The winter is coming fast. King Aeolus rides the back of the fierce Northwest Wind. He goes whistling down the valleys and over the dreary hills. He rides through the trees and tears at their foliage in a continuous effort to complete the work of destruction Jack Frost began. And his work is not in vain. Each new day finds the gaunt oaks and hemlocks and pines grow more barren. Each day finds another part of their beautiful garments torn from them thus revealing their naked limbs one by one until they look like vengeful savages stretching thei rarms to heaven for redress.

You like a beautiful suit of clothes, don't you? And if that suit is to be taken from the window and sold or shipped away you lose no time in reviewing it for the last sad time.

It is the same in this case. That decorous suit nature is wearing is being sold piece by piece to the merciless creditor Aeolius as payment of the rent of the "house" for the summer. And scornfully he dashes them to the ground as a noble of the olden days pursued his impoverished debtors when he no more needed the money than the king himself. You ought to go and see that suit before the window of earth is barren and dead and winter holds his icy dominion over all.

And it chanced as the painters were
working
That their canvas supply had run
short;
So, packing their paint in their
boxes,
They treked southward to fields of
new sport.

NEW CHEER LEADERS INJECT NEW PEP

Three new cheer-leaders — Chick Palmer, Frannie O'Connor, and Neil O'Brien—have been appointed by the athletic department to assist head cheer-leaders Art Kelly, in the rah-rah roles this year. They assumed their duties at the Gubs-St. Bede game and succeeded in instilling more pep and unison in the cheering section than has been seen in a long time.

WASTE BASKET

Sweet Young Thing—"Oh, George I'm so sorry your arm is in a sling!"

Capt. Toner—"So am I, but I hope to be back in the game by Sunday night."

Knox—"Why did you quit smoking?"

Shreiner—"It got to look so effeminate."

Fr. K.—"How account for the phenomena of dew?"

Carey—"The earth revolves at such a tremendous pace that it perspires freely."

Prof.—"Tell me about 'Ben-Hur.'"

Hughes—"I know a lady who found $10,000."

Prof.—"What has that to do with 'Ben-Hur'?"

Tony—"I'd like to Ben-Hur."

Religious Prof.—"If I saw a boy beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would be showing?"

Sport Lawson—"Brotherly love."

Cece McMahon—"I never associate with my inferiors, do you?"

Genzler—"I don't know. I never met any of your inferiors."

Barkley (nervously stroking his chin)—"This is the forest primeval — — ."

Fr. Patnode—"He nearly took the fender off my car."

Volz—"Which fender?"

Fr. P.—"The fender."

Red Moran invited all his sport followers to see him play at Freeport.

Lanigan.

We offer our sympathies to the Chicago boys who reside on the north side.

BOTH GUBS AND VARSITY RETAIN THEIR UNMARRED CURRENT SEASON SLATES

(Continued from page 1, column 4)

The Duhawks, not to be outdone came back with a magnificent march from their 38-yard line, with Ryan and Coan advancing the ball and a 23-yard toss from Ryan to Breitbach to deposit the pigskin on the cardinal 1-yard line. On the next play Leary, subbing for Gehrig, plunged over the margin. Try for point failed.

In the third quarter Columbia, through the evasive runs of Gehrig, Breitbach and Ryan, were unimpeded in their procession down the gridiron for six more and the game. Try for extra point again failed. The game was marked by continuous shrieks of officials' whistles.

The varsity team are enjoying an open date next Saturday and will sit on the sidelines encouraging the Gubs in their St. Mary's of Emmetsburg battle.

The punt of Bob Ziepprecht went 59 yards by actual measurement.

They are going to turn "Dutch" Maiers loose on Emmetsburg. He is considered T. N. T.